

Children's Department.

THE LITTLE DUTIES.

The wise may bring their learning
The rich may bring their wealth,
And some may bring their greatness
And some bring strength and health.

We too, would bring our treasures
To offer to the King,
We have no wealth or learning
What shall we children bring.

We bring the little duties
We have to do each day,
We'll try our best to please him
At home, at school, at play.

And these shall be the treasures
We offer to our King
And these are gifts that
The poorest child may bring.

CORA BLACK.

Twelve Mile, Ind.

From Portis, Kans.

I thought I would write a letter for the EVANGELIST as I see so many little letters for the children's page. This is my second attempt to write for the paper. My papa and mamma belong to the Brethren church. My school was out Wednesday. We had seven months school. Had a very large school. Our teacher's name was Miss Bernice Holmes. They all liked her very much. I am twelve years old. I have two brothers and three sisters. My brothers' names are, Roy and Dannie, and my sisters are Effie, Cora and Beulah. Brother Keller, from Beaver City, Neb., was down last winter and held a glorious meeting at Portis, a little town six miles south of here. He was here seven weeks. There were thirty-eight came forward during the meeting. He organized a King's Children society, and Sunday-school while he was at Portis. They are getting along fine in their good work. We do not take the EVANGELIST now, but Brother Walters does, he lives north east of here, and I have read a few of his papers. And if this letter does not reach the waste basket I will write again. Our school-house is about a mile and a half from here. A Christian preacher preached at our school-house last Saturday night, Sunday, and Sunday night. Well I will close for this time.

April 5.

MAY BRUMBAUGH.

I am a little girl five years old. I go to the Methodist Sunday-school. I love to go. My mamma is writing this for me. My mama and papa belong to the Brethren church but we live thirty-five miles from the church. I will answer Vernie Keller's question. It was Zaccheus, the tax gatherer. I will also ask a question. Where did Jesus go often to pray? I will close.

ESTIE BAIRD.

From La Paz, Ind.

I am going to write another letter to the EVANGELIST. I have not written yet since we have our new editor. I go to school. Our Sunday-school will begin next Sunday. Mr. I. N. Miller preaches here on April 13, and 14. He got one more convert the last night he was here. I will answer Ada A. Griffith's question. Og slept on an iron bedstead. The length was nine cubits, and the breadth was four cubits. Deut. 3:11. Hoping to see this in print I remain.

March 28.

LIZZIE LONGAKER.

From Sullivan, O.

This is my first letter for the Children's column. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday at the Brethren church in Homer. H. S. Jacobs is pastor of that church. They are going to have their communion May 11. All are invited.

April 15.

VINA HART.

THE HAPPIEST LITTLE BOY.

"Guess who was the happiest child I saw to-day?" asked papa, taking his own two little boys on his knees.

"Oh, who, papa?"

"But you must guess."

"Well," said Jim slowly, "I guess it was a very wick little boy wiflots of tandy and takes."

"No," said papa, "he wasn't rich; he had no candy and cakes. What do you guess, Joe?"

"I guess he was a pretty big boy," said Joe, who was always wishing he wasn't such a little boy, "and I guess he was riding a high bicycle."

"No," said papa; "he wasn't big, and of course he wasn't riding a bicycle. You have lost your guesses, so I'll have to tell you. There was a flock of sheep crossing the city to-day, and they must have come a long way, so dusty, and thirsty, and tired were they. The driver took them up bleating and lolling out their tongues, to the great pump in Hamilton's Court to water them; but one poor old ewe was too tired to get to the trough, and fell down on the hot, dusty stones."

"Then, Jim,—then, Joe,—I saw my little man, ragged, and dirty, and tousled, spring out from the crowd of urchins who were watching the drove, fill his old leaky hat, which must have belonged to his grandfather, and carry it one, two, oh, as many as six times, to the poor suffering animal until the creature was able to get up and go on with the rest."

"Did the sheep say tank you, papa?" asked Jim bravely.

"I didn't hear it," answered papa, "but the little boy's face was shining like the sun, and I'm sure he knows what a blessed thing to help what needs helping."

From Akron, Ind.

As I have not written to the EVANGELIST for a long time, I will write again. It is raining now and I can't go to Sunday-school, but papa went before it began to rain. School closed last Friday. We had a nice time in the afternoon in our exercise. The whole school went in the church house to speak their pieces. We are having vacation now. I have not seen very many birds this Spring. I only saw one kind of birds, and the color of them is brown. I do not know their name. They build their nests in our barn. The black birds have not come back yet and I have not seen any robins. Our pastor, D. A. Hopkins helped to organize a King's Children society at Burn's Chapel several weeks ago. Papa is a member of it. I will answer Ruby Kimmels question. Her question was, How many chapters are in the book of Luke? There are twenty-four (24) chapters. I will also answer Gertrude Underwood's question. The question was, Who sold Joseph? Joseph's brothers sold him. I will close by asking a question. Who was the first boy or man killed? Hope to see this letter in print. Yours truly,

April 6.

MINNIE HOFFMAN.

GOOD works do not make a Christian, but one must be a Christian to do good works. The tree bringeth forth the fruit, not the fruit the tree. No one is made a Christian by works, but by Christ; and being in Christ he brings forth fruit for him.—*Luther.*

GOLD cannot buy happiness.

Matrimonial.

OVERLEESE—GARVER.—April 3, 1895, Elkhart, Ind., at the residence of Warren Garver, by the undersigned, Mr. James Overleese and Miss Mattie Garver.

J. A. RIDENOUR.

WATSON—RARRICK.—April 3, at the residence of the undersigned near Trotwood, O., brother Theodore E. Watson and sister Lovetta M. Rarrick were united in marriage. They have the well wishes of the Bear Creek church.

HENRY MURR.

Our Dead.

HERRIN.—Willie Herrin, aged 4 years 4 months and 26 days. Little Willie was one of our good little S. S. scholars. Funeral services by the writer, Warsaw, Ind., March 21, 1895.

C. F. YODER.